

Single untitled songbook - cover and page 93 missing
Page 20 is also missing

Binder 1

Title:

Author:

Branch of Service: Air Force

Unit/Agency:

Date:

Place:

Source: ~~Binder~~ Bill Gertz Collection

Note: In binder "I"

Cover missing

Pages 20 and 93 are missing

INDEX

Abduliah Bulbul Amin	3
Ace In The Hole	5
Air Force 801	6
Air Force Hymn	7
Air Force Lament	7
After The Missions Over	9
Alouette	10
A Very Fine Aircraft	11
Bill Hall's Goat	12
Bless Them All	13
Blood On Your Tunic	13
Beson Buddies While Boozing	14
Candler's Boy The	15
Cigarette, Saki, And Wild Wild Japs	17
Come on And Join The Air Force	18
Crimson Song	19
Doodle Lee Do	20
Early Abort	21
Falsies	22
Fighter Bombers Hymn, The	23
Fighter Pilots Down in Hell	23
Flak In The Night	24
Foggy, Foggy Dew	25
Forty First Division	26
From The Desk Of 20th Air Force	27
Ghost Flyers In The Sky	28
Great Gray Rat, The	28
Great Ship Titanic, The	29
Hero's To The Regular Air Force	30
How The Money Rolls In	31
Humoresque	31
How Much Is That Josan In The Beanbag	32
If All Little Girls	34

Irish Washerwoman-----	36
It's Hard For Me To Be A Bad Girl-----	36
Johnson LB Lament, The-----	37
Just Like Me Operations-----	38
Keyhole In The Door-----	40
Lament Of The Reserves-----	42
Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl-----	43
Lilly From Piccadilly-----	44
Lilly Marlene-----	46
Minnie The Mermaid-----	47
Misawa's A Mighty Fine Place-----	48
My Gal Sal-----	48
No Style At All-----	48
Old Pusan U-----	49
Once I Was Happy And Had A Good Deal-----	50
One Little Teency Weency Bomb-----	51
On Top Of Old Fuji-----	52
On Top Of Old Pyongyang-----	52
On Top Of Old Smokey-----	53
O'Riley's Bar-----	53
Paddy Murphy-----	54
Persian Kitten, The-----	54
Prisoners Song, The-----	55
Put on Your Old P-I Bonnet-----	56
River Ran Red, The-----	57
Rugged But Right-----	58
Rye Whiskey-----	58
Sam Hall-----	59
Save A Fighter Pilots ASS-----	60
Scoul City Suck-----	61
Sexual Life Of A Camel-----	62
So Long-----	63
Spearmint Song, The-----	65
Stay With God-----	66
Strip Alert-----	66

The Thing-----	67-----
Tiptanks And Tailpipes-----	68-----
Toast To An Airman-----	68-----
Tumbling Gyroscopes-----	69-----
Twenty Seventh Lament-----	69-----
Underneath The Bamboo Tree-----	70-----
We're Here For Fun-----	70-----
When The Ice Is On The River-----	71-----
When We Get Back-----	72-----
Would You-----	73-----
Young Aviator-----	74-----
Young Pursuitor, The-----	75-----
Zootsuits And Parachutes-----	76-----
Cowboy's Lament, The-----	77-----
Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up-----	78-----
The Coed And The Cadet-----	78-----
A Man Without A Woman-----	79-----
Red Scarfs-----	80-----
It Was Sad, Oh It Was Sad-----	80-----
Mayday Mayday Mayday-----	81-----
Call Out The Army And The Navy-----	82-----
Wreck Of Old 97-----	83-----
Thanks For The Memories-----	85-----
Tell Me Why-----	86-----
A British Workman's Grave-----	87-----
The Reservist's Lament-----	88-----
The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk-----	89-----
Hutch's Ballad-----	90-----
By By USAF-----	91-----
I Smell Kimshoo-----	92-----
The Wiffenpooof Song-----	92-----
The End-----	93-----

AEDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

The sons of the Prophet are valiant and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
And the bravest of all was a man, so I'm told,
Called Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or harrass the foe from the rear;
Storm fort or redoubt, they were sure to call out,
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

There are heroes in plenty, and well known to fame,
In the legions that fight for the Czar;
But none of such fame as the many by the name,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards,
And play on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite guards,
Was Ivan Petrifsky Skovar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,
Put on his most cynical sneer;
And was walking downtown when he happened to run,
Into Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Young man," Said Bulbul, "Is existence so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career;
Then, Infidel, know you have trod on the toe,
of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

So take your last look at the sea, sky, and brook,
Make your latest report on the war;
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
O Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

So this fierce man he took his trusty chibouk
And murmuring "Allah Akbar."
With murder intent he most savagely went,
For Ivan Petrofsky Skovar

The Sultan rose up, the disturbance to quell,
Likewise, give the victor a cheer;
He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell,
To Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

A loud sounding splash from the Danube was heard,
Resounding o'er the meadows afar;
It came from the sack fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roll,
And on it in characters queer;
Are "Stranger, when passing by, pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep,
By the light of the pale northern star,
And the name she repeats every night in her sleep,
Is Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

ACE IN THE HOLE

This town is full of guys,
Who think they're pretty wise,
Just because they know a thing or two,
You can see them night and day,
Strolling up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do,
Con-men and crapshooters,
Congregate around the metropole,
Wearing flashy ties and collars.
Where do they get those dollars?
They all have an ace down in the hole;
Some of them write to the old folks for coin,
That's their old ace in the hole.
Others have girls on the old tenderloin,
That's their old ace in the hole.
They'll tell you of trips,
That they are going to make,
From 'Frisco to the old North Pole,
But their names would be mud,
Like a chump playing stud,
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

AIR FORCE 801
(Wabash Cannon Ball)

Calling Johnny Tower, This is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg
My turbine's over-run.
My tailpipes overheated, the gage says 921,
You better call the crash crew and get them on the run

Air Force 801, this is Johnny Tower
I cannot call the crash crew for this is coffee hour,
You're not cleared in the pattern,
Now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Calling Johnny Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun,
My engines running rough, and the plenums gonna blow,
I'm going to buy a starfire, so look out down below.

Calling Johnny Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the final, and turning one one lung,
I'm going to land this starfire, no matter what you say,
I'm going to get my charts fixed up before that judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day,
You're in Pilot's heaven and you are here to stay,
You just bought a starfire, and you bought it well,
The famous Air Force 801 was just sent straight to hell.

AIR FORCE HYMN

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sky
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys give her the gun
Down we dive spouting our flames from under
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the US Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who love
the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send a message to his brother men
who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
And down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold,
Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast,
the US Air Force.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

(Mine eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for
nothing but to fly.
But now those hearts are grounded and those days
are long gone by,
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory, Glory, regulations
Glory, Glory, regulations
Have them read at every station,
And crucify the man who breaks one.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred
thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell,
I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes
were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted
Goring's name,
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their
head in shame,
Their spirits shot to hell.

CHORUS:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring
them back,
But now they all play pingpong in the operations shack.
Their technique gone to hell.
Yes, the lordly flying fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we cannot fly for hell.

CHORUS:

You have heard your bounding 50's blaze from wings
of polished steel,
The purring of your 51 was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with its moaning, groaning
scream,
And it will not climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a
fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men
were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may
do wrong,
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell.

•
AFTER THE MISSIONS OVER
(After the ball is over)

After the mission's over, after we all got back,
We get interrogated, how did you dodge the flak?
How were the commy fighters? What time was tally-Ho
Have you any new bitches? If not, then you may go.
We like this locomotive, we think it handles swell,
We like this bomber pattern, but the peel off's a
safer way,
Level your wings on the crosswind, or you'll hear the
Colonel say,
----- broke the regulations, ----- used poor technique
----- you had your head up, we'll have a short critique.
Who didn't complete their mission? ----- you will
report,
Why, with only one wing off you had to abort.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, Gentille Alouette, Alouette, Je Te
Plumerai,
Jo te plumerai la tête, jo te plumerai la tête,
A la tête, A la tête,
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Alouette jo te alouette
Alouette jo te plumerai
Jo te plumerai R & R

Rum & Coke

Geisha Gal

Hot-a-bath

Stateside Bed

Clean White Sheets

Hit the pad

Twenty Times

Aching Back

MATince

It's a lie

10

10

A VERY FINE AIRCRAFT
(Sexual life of a camel)

Oh, the "T" Jet's a very fine aircraft,
Constructed of rivets and tin,
It cruises well over three fifty,
The ship with the headwind built in.

CHORUS: Oh, why did I join the Air Force,
Mother, dear mother knew best,
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage
A "T" jet all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money
Ten to one you will never return.

CHORUS:

Now when you are out on a mission
A Mig 15 makes a fine pass,
Reach down down, pull up the rod handles
To hell with the ship, save your ass.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Mitchell's a very fine airplane
Constructed of paper and wood,
It's alright for ferrying whiskey,
But for combat it's no goddam good.

CHORUS:

Oh, the 84 jet is a very fine aircraft
A stratosphere bath tub no less
They never hit the target
But for ten miles around, what a mess

The Superfort's a very fine aircraft
They call it the queen of the pack,
A. D. F. C. for each mission,
And a cluster for those who get back.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Invader's very fine aircraft,
Galgets upon it galore,
You just barely got the bitch airborne,
And you're called back to pick up two more.

CHORUS:

BILL HALL'S GOAT

There was a man by the name of Bill Hall.
He had a goat and that was all,
One day that goat was feeling fine,
Ate six red shirts right off the line.
First Billy cussed and then he swore,
This doggone goat won't live no more,
He grasped him by his wooly back,
And tied him to the railroad track.
The whistle blew, the train grew nigh,
This poor old goat was doomed to die.
He gave six shrieks of mortal pain,
Coughed up the shirts and flagged the train.

feeling fresh and
three fine

Old man Bill
had a goat
and he tied
it to the
train track

the shirts

he coughed up

the goat died

that was a man who had a goat
he tied that goat just like a kid

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.
Bless the instructors, who taught me to fly,
Sent me up solo and left me to die.
So, if ever your blow jet should stall,
You're due for one hell of a fall,
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants the sour puss ones,
Bless all the corporals, and their dopey sons,
Cause we're saying goodbyc to them all.
The long and the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, bless them all.

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

There was a young pilot into Sidney did stroll,
He was just back from a raid on Bloody Rabaul.
When an old H.P. sergeant said, "Pardon me please,
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee."

"Now listen here sergeant, you bloody damn fool,
I've just come back from a raid on Bloody Rabaul,
Where ack-ack was flying and comforts were few,
And brave men were dying for bastards like you.
And brave men were dying for bastards like you."

The old M:P sergeant said, "Pardon me Sir.
On you Lieutenant I intended no slur;
But the girls here in Sidney are hard to please;
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee."

"Now listen hear sergeant, you bloody damn fool,
The girls here all know I'm just back from Rabaul,
They'll love you and kiss you for after they see,
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee,
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee."

Now this young pilot picked up a girl,
He wined her and dined her and gave her a whirl.
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes,
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes.
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes.

Now this young pilot writes this advice,
Rabaul it was rough, but Sidney was nice.
With women understanding, and easy to please,
If you had blood on your tunic and mud on your knee,
If you had blood on your tunic and mud on your knee,

BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZING

Why did I join the Air Force,
Mother dear mother knew best,
I'm here on the end of the runway,
My thunderjet wrapped round my chest.

Take the dive brake out of my kidney,
Take the buckets out of my brain,
Take the nozzle out of my stomach,
And assemble my Thunderjet again.

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
Down in the hangar they sing and they shout
They talk about things they know nothing
about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.

THE CANDLER'S BOY
(The Thing)

Oh, they boy went into the candler's shop
Some candles for to buy.
He hunted all over the candler's shop,
The candler to espy.
He hunted, he hollered, he screamed, he bawled,
Enough to wake the dead,
When he suddenly heard a (Tap, Tap, tap) right above
his head.
Yes, he suddenly heard a (Tap, tap, tap) right above
his head.

Now this little boy was very sly,
He started to climb the stairs,
He climbed them oh, so stealthily,
So as not to disturb the heirs.
And there on the bed lay the candler's boy
Between a lady's thighs.
And they were having a (Tap, tap, tap) right before
his eyes.
Yes, they were having a (Tap, tap, tap) right before
his eyes.

Now when the game was over,
The lady raised her head,
And she was very surprised to see, the boy beside
her bed.

Said she, "Young man, if my secret you'll keep,
To you I will be kind,
And you'll be having a (Tap, tap, tap) when ever
you're so inclined.
Yes, you'll be having a (Tap, tap, tap) when ever
you're so inclined.

Now all you men who do have wives, when ever you
go to town,
make sure you either lock 'em up, or else you tie
'em down.
For if they're like the candler's wife, and true
to the ways of their kind,
Why they'll be having a (Tap, tap, tap) when ever
they're so inclined,
Yes, they'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever
they're so inclined.

Now this is the end of my story, and if you nod
your head,
We'll just turn out the light right here, and
slowly climb to bed.
For if you're like the candler's wife, and maybe
you're inclined,
We'll be having a (Tap, tap, tap) when you make up
your mind.
Yes, we'll be having a (Tap, tap, tap) when you
make up your mind.

CIGARETTES, SAKI, AND WILD, WILD JOSANS
"Cigarettes and Wild Wild Women" (c) 1971

Once I was happy and had a dear wife,
I had enough yen to last me for life,
I met me a josan we went on a spree,
/ missing

CHORUS:

Cigarettes and saki and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, They'll drive you insane.
Cigarettes and saki and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

↳ I went to Asamushi, a bath for to take,
I met me a josan who was on the make.
The bath it was hot and the josan was too,
If you go to Asamushi, my boys you are through.

CHORUS:

I went to my room some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep boy, with me there's no sweat."
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten,
She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand yen."

CHORUS:

I'm back in Misawa where we sing and shout,
Me and the Doc are asweatin' it out,
He says me some pills from a jug onthe shelf,
Then poured out a dozen or two for himself.

CHORUS:

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
(You'll Never Mind)

Come on and join the Air Force,
It's quite the branch they say
You never have to work at all,
Just fly around all day,
While others work and study hard,
And soon grow old and blind,
You'll hit the air without a care,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, You'll never mind.
Come on and join the Air Force, and
you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted,
As high as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train,
When you're an Air Force flyer,
But when you're just about to be,
A general you will find,
Your engine will cough,
Your wings will come off.
But you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You're flying over the ocean,
You hear your engine spit,
You watch the prop come to a stop.
The goddam engine's quit,
The ship won't float,
And you can't swim,
The shore is far behind,
Oh! What a dish for the crabs and fish,
But you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Along comes a Mig 15,
He shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly-achin,
And call the bastard names.
Just shove your stick into the ground,
And soon you will find,
That all is well and there ain't no Hell.
And you will never mind,

CHORUS:

You take her up and spin her,
And with an awful tear.
You'll find youself without your wings,
Oh! You will never care,
For in about two minutes,
You'll dance with Pete and the angels sweet,
And you will never mind,

CHORUS:

CRIMSON SONG

SCREAMING JET 400

We are the finest, we are the best,
Give us a target, we'll do the rest,
We will bomb and strafe them up North,
Blow up that orphanage, napalm that school.,
Strafe every church yard, that is our rule.
Fearless worriers one and all,
Our motto is - play it cool,
Mig's are a problem north of K-2,
Don't worry we know just what to do,
Beer and scotch and gin and rye,
Solve every problem when we fly,
We drink J P and chase it with gin,
Play it by ear and eye ball 'em in.
The ----- is on top,
So that's where our songs will stop:
" God Bless"

EARLY ABORT
(McNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Able one, I'm theleader of the group,
Just step into my briefing room: I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tellyou where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge the flak,
I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to get back.

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, now don't delay,
Oh, my name is Able one, and I'm the leader of the group.
I'm theleader of the group with all the poop,

Now we'll all lineup andtake off and we'll set our course at ten,
And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again.
We'll call the tower and get a steer: we don't know where we've been,
Drop you tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

CHORUS:

Oh, we fly thosered-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody feet,
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet,
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north,
And we make our bloody land fall at the Furth of Bloody Forth.

CHORUS:

Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred
bloody feet,
We fly them in the rain and fog, and in the
bloody sleet.
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying
bloody low,
And we hit the marker bea-con such an awful bloody
blow.

CHORUS:

FALSIES
(Coffee in Brazil)

There's nothing that looks better than a girl
that wears a sweater,
Though she may not be all that she appears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

Their pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russells,
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

So round, so firm, so fully packed,
But look out Jack, it may be just an act.
Give a girl a bigger bra and she will grow, grow,
grow.
So buy before you wed her, just investigate her
sweater,
Or you'll spend your honeymoon in shedding tears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

THE FIGHTER*BOMBER'S HYMN ✓
(The Great Ship Titanic)

I was south of Kun-a-Ri,
Little bit east of the Yalu Sea,
I was out on a reccey just to see what I could
see.
When I saw a farmer man, with his pitchfork in
his hand,
It was sad when that Napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad,
It was sad when that napalm went down,
There were husbands, and wives, little
children lost their lives.
It was sad when that napalm went down.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
The place is full of queers, navigators,
bombardiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states.
They are off on foreign shores, making mother's
out of whores,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce.
The automatic pilots' on, reading novels in the
john,
Oh!, the bomber pilots' life is just a farce.

Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare.
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in ----.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots uppin ----.
The place is full of brass, sitting round on
their fat ass.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in ----.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan.
They're all across the bay, being shot at
everyday,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh! it's naughty naughty naughty but its nice,
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the
population.
It's naught naughty naughty but it's nice.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club,
When a bomber jockey walks into our club.
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is
flub his dub.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT (Blues in the Night)

From Kumsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok,
Where ever the red trucks go,
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some
tough bouts,
But there is one tning I know:
The Red Balls will get you,
They're worrisome things, that lead you to sing,
Of flak in the night.
Hear the lads a calling, hear theboys a bawling.
Dentist...Oh Dentist, Oh Bromide, Oh Bromide, Oh
Snowflake.
Oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix.
I'm lost in the night.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live all alone,
And I work at the weavers trade.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
As I lay fast asleep.
This pretty pretty maid came to my bedside,
And there she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas what could I do?
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now a year passed but still a bachelor am I,
And I work at the weavers trade.
Comes a knocking at my door,
And a voice I've heard before,
'Twas the voice of the fair young maid,
She handed me a little one, she said what shall
I do?
So I took him into bed, and I covered up his head,
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, and I live with my son,
And we work at the weavers trade.
And every, every time that I look into this eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time, and the winter
too.
Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

41st DIVISION
(pepsi Cola Hits the Spot)

41st Divison hits the spot.
A lot of Bird Colonels is all they've got.
If your a Bird Colonel with nothing to do,
41st Division is the place for you.
Chicken, Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken.

FROM THE DESKS OF THE 20TH AIR FORCE
(Wiffenpoof Song)

From the desks of the 20th Air Force,
Where Kaden's bombers fly.
Comes a tale of blood and guts and 29's.
Where the ARS assembles,
With their lifeboats raised on high,
And the magic of their rescues casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their rescues,
At the time we need them most,
They are braggarts, they just sit around and
boast,
While we fly our rusty F-94's,
While luck and likker last,
Till the rust streaks mar the cowlings of the
best.

They are B-29's who have lost their way,
Rack, rack, rack.
They are oversized trucks who have gone astray,
Rack, rack, rack.
Gentlemen trucksters, off on a spree,
Flight engineers bear the brunt, you see,
Two other pilots and that makes three,
Rack, rack, rack.

FROM THIS ISLAND THEY SAY WE ARE LEAVING
(RED RIVER VALLEY)

From this island they say we are leaving,
Do not hasten to bid us adieu.
But remember this old Okinawa,
And the boys who soar into the Blue.

And remember this foggy revered island,
With those led downs to 200 feet,
No, you can't make a landing at Naha,
For those GCA boys are asleep.

And remember the typhoon seasons,
With the wind and the rain in your way,
They would make us take off and scramble,
When the bombers were tied down to stay.

Now the B-29's get all the glory,
While all we do is fly "beat up" jets,
And the 4 engine jockeys are heroes,
But then's are the breaks that we get.

From this island they say we are leaving,
We may leave here by boat or by plane,
But these rumors are hard to believe in,
We will probably leave here insane.

Now our quonsets we'll give to the Oki's,
So the natives can live here in class,
And our planes we will push in the ocean,
Sayanora, you bastards at last.

HOST FLYERS IN THE SKY
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A 26 went flying out, one dark and wintry day,
The man he testified, "There's ice along the way."
Ten thousand ought to clear it,
If you're contemplating suicide, why don't you
use a rope?
Hacksaw steer me home.

We lifted the gear over Honshu Bay,
The airfield was "socked in."
We knew that once we got out, we couldn't go back
in.
We found our target at Anju and in on a pass we
went,
We strafed and bombed and raised plain hell until
our weapons bent,
Snowflake, Bonide, somebody bring me home.

We'd used our gas, we were sunk in the tail,
Our tanks were running dry,
The use Magellan yelled, think you'll fail?
There's flak all over the sky,
If ever I get home again, never more I'll roam.
I'll lay my head upon her breast,
And you'll hear me softly moan,
Mama...mama...mama keep me home.

THE GREAT GRAY RAT ✓

The moon shone bright on the barroom floor,
The place was closed for the night,
When out of his hole, came a great gray rat.
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the "likker" on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat,
And to the empty room he roared,
"Bring on your god damned cat."

THE GREAT SHIP TITANIC

Oh they built the ship Titanic,
And when they had it thru,
The said here's a ship that thewater won't go
thru.
But the water raised it's hand,
Said this ship will never land,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS: Oh! it was sad, Oh! it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down.
There were husbands and wives,
Little bitty children lost their lives.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh they sailed from Mingo land,
One dark and stormy night,
And the rich refused to mingle with the poor.
So they put them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh they put the life boats out,
In the raging, burning, seas,
And the band struck up with N'er my God to Thee.
Oh the Captain tried to wire,
But the wire was on fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(my Bonny)

Here's to the regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call up the God damn reservest,
Whenever the S--- hits the fan.

CHORUS: Call out, call out, call out the
goddamn reserves, reserves.
Call out, call out, call out the
goddamn reserves.

They call up every old pilot,
They call up every young man,
The reservest they go to Korea,
The regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS:

Here's to the regular Air Force,
With medals and badges galore,
If it were'nt for the goddamn reservest,
Their A's would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS:

In peacetime the regulars are happy,
In peactime they're happy to serve,
But let them go into a fracas,
And they call out all the reserves.

CHORUS:

HOW THE MONEY ROLLD IN
(My Bonny)

My father makes rum in the bath tub,
My mother makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the
money rolls in.

My brother is a poor missionary,
He saves little girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for \$5.00,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My father he died in the bathtub,
My mother she died of her gin,
My sister, she married my brother,
My God, what a mess I am in.

CHORUS:

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain,
From flushing toilets while the train,
Is standing at the station: I love you.
As we go strolling through the park,
And goosing statues in the dark,
If Sherman's nurse can stand it, why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing,
Put the wet spost on the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since you met my daughter she's had trouble
passing water,
Wish that you had never come to town.

HOW MUCH IS THAT JO-SAN IN THE BEAN
(How Much is That Dogy in The Window)

I was ordered to duty in Korea
And left my true love far behind
It's been so long since I've seen a roundeye
That a new love I surely must find.

CHORUS: How much is that Josan in the beanbag
The one with the big brown eyes
How much is that Josan in the beanbag
I'd like to try that one for size.

I was sent to a night fighter squadron
And ex-transport pilot was I
The checkouts and gauge hops were skoshi
Not a mission for weeks did I fly.

Then the first night the weather was lousy
T'was a night when no Saber would fly.
They launched this poor old transport pilot
Far north of the bomoline went I.

CHORUS:

I was cruising up north near the Yalu,
And the old E-1 wouldn't fire.
Then the R/O cried I've a contact,
To get home was my fondest desire.

I told my sad story to Satan,
They relieved me and vectored me home.
Then they called they were painting a bandit,
Heading south high and fast all alone.

CHORUS:

I was holding my course and my airspeed,
And trying to calm all my fears.
When I knew by those pretty red flashes,
That the bastard was buzzing my ears.

After many evaive maneuvres,
I got home without shedding my blood.
But I didn't quite get to theflightline,
Cause I burrowed that beast in the mud.

CHORUS:

Now I must take a trip to Itazuke,
And leave all my morals behind.
I'll spenda seven nights in the beanbag,
And each night a new josan I'll find.

CHORUS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture,
And I were a ram I would make them run faster.

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
Oh roll you leg over the man in the moon.

If all little girls were like cows in the stable,
And I were a bull I would show them I'm able.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like trees in the forest,
And I were a woodsman I'd split their -----.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in a pool,
And I were a whale with a waterproof tool.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in the river,
And I were a bass I'd tickle their liver.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like pretty white flowers,
And I were a bee I would buzz them for hours.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale I would set them in motion.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little white
rabbits,
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habbits.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like cute little chickens,
And I were a rooster I'd have "Easy Pickens."

CHORUS:

If all little girls would live on the farm,
And I were a farmer I'd do them some harm.

CHORUS:

I wish all little girls were like bells in a tower,
And I was a clapper I'd bang them for hours.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like cute little vixens,
And I were a fox I surely would fix em.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like briks in a pile,
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little white foxes,
And I were the grass I'd tickle their boxes.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like Betty Grable,
And I were Harry James I'd show them I'm able.

IRISH WASHERWOMAN

Oh, McGinnis was dead and McCarthy didn't know it,
McCarthy is dead and McGinnis didn't know it,
McCarthy and McGinnis were lying in Bed.
And neither knew the other was dead.
Whang...Whang.

The night of the wedding, the night of the fun,
The night of the wedding, it had to be done,
You did it you devil, you'd do it again,
The women enjoy it as much as the men.
Whang...Whang.

IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BE A BAD GIRL

It's hard for me to be a bad girl,
As it is for some to be good.
It's as hard for me to be a bad girl,
I really would if I could.

Now I'd like somebody to take me,
In the park for a hug and a kiss.
But how can I ever be a bad girl,
With a God-damned face like this...

THE JOHNSON AIR BASE LAMENT
(On Top of Old Smokey)

He was flying o'ver Johnny
One dark stor my nite,
Turned onto his final,
And flipped o n his lights.

His altitude was low,
His air speed too high,
The runway al l wet,
Control gave a cry.

CHORUS: Shou ld have gone to Yokota.
Shou ld have took it around.
But he pulled the gear handle,
And he plopped to the ground.

He slipped do wn the runway,
O'er the over run too,
He bought a rice paddy,
and a 94 too.

CHORUS:

He got pilot error,
He couldn't care less,
From the Colo nels and Generals,
My God what a mess.

Now after the board met,
He had nothin g to do
So he pulled duty officer
For a month o r two.

They said he couldn't hack it,
He said I'll not stay,
Now he does a ll his flying,
Down Photo fl ight way.

CHORUS:

JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me an ole S-N-J,
I know the dammed thing's here to stay
She'll ground loop and spin,
And she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me an old S-N-J.

CHORUS: Just make me operations,
Oh to sit in some big easy chair
I am too young to die,
I just want to go home,

Don't give me a P-38
With props that counter rotate,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Don't give me a P-39
With an engine that's mounted behind,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-39.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an ole Thunder Jug,
She lands with a hell of a thud,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me an ole Thunder Jug.

CHORUS:

| Don't give me an ole 51,
The ship that's built just for fun,
She'll split ess and spin
But she'll auger you in
Don't give me an ole 51.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-80-H,
The ailerons lock every day,
She'll loop, roll and spin,
And soon auger you in,
Don't give me an F-80-H.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-80-C,
I know you can ditch it at sea,
She'll loop, roll and spin,
And auger you in,
Don't give me an F-80-C.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-84,
That dirty ground loving whore,
She'll wheeze, ship and spink
And auger you in,
Don't give me an F-84.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an 86-D,
That hand control's too much for me,
It'll lock on just fine,
But I'm losing my mind,
Don't give me an 86-D.

CHORUS:

Just give me a new shooting Star,
The best ship that's build by far,
She can loop, roll, and spin,
And won't sugar you in,
Just give me a new Shooting Star.

CHORUS:

Just give me an F-94,
With a burner that lights with a roar,
If you must bust your ass,
Then do it first class,
Just give me an F-94.

CHORUS:

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after
nine,
And by the stroke of fortune, her room was next
to mine.
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS: Oh, the keyhole in the door!
Oh, the keyhole in the door!
I took up my position by the keyhole
in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace, her lovely
figure to warm,
With only a silken nightly to hide her gorgeous
form,
I prayed that she would take it off, just that
and nothing more,
My God, I saw her do it, through the keyhole in
the door.

CHORUS:

Now after many a pounding, upon that paneled door,
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor.
So no one would ever see what I had seen before e,
I hung her silken nightily o'er the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

That night I slept in clover, and other things besides,
And on that snow-white bosom, I had a wonderful time.
I awoke next morning early, my back it was so a sore,
You'd think that I'd been, crawling through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now, listen all you astronomers, who think you are so wise.
Who gaze into your telescopes, into the starry skies,
One thing I have to tell you, one thing and nothing more,
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door,
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the Keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

LAMENT OF THE RESERVES
(Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget Tacjon,
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin,
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bombline,
And got a hole or two,
But all I got was a lot of crap,
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh, regulars held the desk jobs,
Reserves were called an masse
For the N. N. knew the Air Reserve,
Were the ones to save their ass.
Oh, I was called to risk my duff,
and save the U. N. too,
But all I got was a crock of stuff,
From you and you and you.

I love you dear old USA,
With all my aching heart,
If I hadn't joined the damn Reserve,
We'd never had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk,
For we are not alone,
For one of these days the regulars 'll come
And we can all go home.

CHORUS:

Now we don't mind the hardships,
We've faced them down the trail,
But we wonder if our congressmen,
Have had forties up their tail.
We have to fight to save the peace,
That's what the bastards said,
But when you check the casualties,
You'll fine no senators dead.

CHORUS:

I'm going to raise a family,
When this war is through,
I hope to have a bouncing boy,
To tell my story to,
But someday when he grows up,
If he joins the Air Reserve,
I'll kick his butt from dawn to dusk,
For that's what he'll deserve.

CHORUS:

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English taver,
There they decided that, there they decided that,
There they decided that they'd have another fl agon.

CHORUS: Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
O landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed
quite sober,
Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed
quite sober.
Fades as the lilly fades, fades as the lilly f ades.
Fades as the lilly fades, He'll die before Oct ober.

CHORUS:

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed
quite mellow,
But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed
quite mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to
live,
Lives as he ought to live, he'll die a jolly fellow.

CHORUS:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell
her mother,
Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell
her mother.
Does a very foolish think, does a very foolish
thing,
Does a very foolish thing, she'll never get an other.

CHORUS:

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to go to
another,
But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to go to
another.
Is a boon to all mankind, is a boon to all man kind,
Is a boon to all mankind, she'll be a fruitful
mother.

CHORUS:

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh I took a trip to London to look around the town,
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down,
I've never seen such darkness: The night was black
as pitch,
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a
sitch.

CHORUS: Oh, it was Lilly from Piccadilly,
You know the one I mean, the one I mean.
I'll spend each payday, that's my hoy hoy
day,
With Lilly, my blackout queen, da, da, da,
da da.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure: I couldn't see
her face,
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark
brunette,
But, gosh o gosh, did she give me a thrill I won't
forget.

CHORUS:

She said to me, "Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome,
are you blue?"
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what
to do."
We went up some dark alley: I said, "I love you
kid."
She said, "Okay, but first you pay." So I gave
her twenty quid.

CHORUS:

She leaned her back against the wall: I took her
in me arms.
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom
charms.
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my
hat.
It was a shame, I should have been a circus acrobat.

CHORUS:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed.
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice,
Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at
half the price.

CHORUS:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer,
And when I went on sick call, the Doc said, "It's
quite clear.
You've had some love Commando style, come son, now
don't be shy,
You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered
with a sigh."

CHORUS:

And when my children ask, "Please tell me, dad dy
dear."
What did you do to win the war?" I'll answer with
a sneer.
"Your daddy was a hero, his best he always fough,
With bravery he gave to the Commandos his support."

CHORUS:

LILLY MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away,
And though he's gone he hears him say,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait
For this is the place a vow was made.
And breezes sing her serenade,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.
And there in the lamp light it is said.
A halo shines above her head,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.

And as they go marching to the fray,
The soldiers all salute and say,
We'll tell him you've been true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea.
She lost her morals, down among the corals,
Gee, but she was nice to me.

Many's the night with the pale moon shining,
Down on her bungalow, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin bears and only one of them muzzled.

No w you can easily see, she's not my mother,
Because my mother's forty-nine,
And you can easily see she's not my sister,
Cause I woulun't show my sister such a helluva
good time.

You can easily see she's not my sweetie,
My sweetie's too refined,
She's just a slip of a kid, she didn't know what
she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine.

MISAWA'S A MIGHTY FINE PLACE

They say that Misawa's a mighty fine place,
But the organization's a terrible disgrace.

There are colonels and majors and lieutenants too,
With hands in their pockets with nothing to do.

They rant and rave and they moan and they shout,
About things they know practically nothing about.

For the good that they do they might as well be,
Shoveling sand on the Isle of Capri.

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivulous Sal,
A peculair sort of a gal.
With a heart that was mellow,
An all around good fellow.
Was my gal Sal.
Your sorrows, troubles and cares,
She was always willing to share.
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

NO STYLE AT ALL

They say that ole he ain't got no style;
Got style all the while, got style all the while;
They say that ole he ain't got no style;
Got style all the while, all the while.
So drink chuck a lug; So drink chuck a lug;

OLL PUSAN U
(SIOUX CITY SUE)

We were ramining around the countryside,
Twas down near Pusan Bay,
We stopped into a local bar
To pass the time away,
I met a girl who said, "Howdedo"
She hailed from old chinju,
I asked her what her school was,
She said "Old Pusan U"

CHORUS: O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
The finest school in all the land,
The University of that's grand,
O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
I hail my alma mater,
O Pusan U.

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pak Su,
"Twas built of honeybuckets.
So they named it O Pusan U."
The smell of it was terrific,
But I struggled through,
So now I lift this glass.
To the school of Pusan U.

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view,
She won a beauty contest,
And was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood,
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame.
She says: "O Pusan U."

CHORUS:

ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD DEAL
(Flying Trapeze)

Once I was happy and had a good deal.
I flew 86's at Hamilton Field.
They asked for some troopers,
Said brother, you'll do,
So here I sit, at Old Teagu.

CHORUS: Kuna Re, Antung and wild, wild Pyongyany
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive
you insane.

Qual 50's and 40's and 100 sorties,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive
you insane.

The Mig is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a fool who'll give one a chase.
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear
brother.

There's fire on one end and big guns on the
t'other.

CHORUS:

I'm out on the runway before it is light,
I'm into the air and soon out of sight.
I think of the mission the long trip ahead,
And I think of Col.----- who's still in his bed.

CHORUS:

ONE LITTLE TEENSEY WEENSEY BOMB
(Mine Eyes have Seen the Glory)

The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
Yes, the B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS: Tons and tons of ammunition,
Tons and tons of ammunition,
Tons and tons of ammunition,
But it'll only carry one little
teensey, weensey bomb.

The B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
The B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
Yes, the B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS:

The B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
The B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
Yes, the B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS:

The F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
The F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
Yes, the F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
But it'll always carry one, big, son of a
bitchin bomb.

CHORUS:

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI -

On top of Ole Fuji,
All covered with snow,
Lies an all weather pilot,
And his faithful R/O

They took off from Johnny,
One dark stormy night,
Twas on a course of 240;
They went out of sight.

Twas on a course of 240,
They climbed to the west,
GCI Lost them,
And you know the rest.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(on Top of Old Smoky)

On top of old Pyongyany, all covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman, he never came back.
For flying is pleasure, but crashing is grief,
And a quick-triggered Commy is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you, of all that you
 save,
But a quick-triggered Commy, will send you to
 your grave,
They'll chase you and kill you, and send up
 more lead,
Than ties on a railroad, or MIG'S overhead.
There's not one MIG in a thousand, that 84 will
 trust.

Now come all you pilots and listen to me,
Never fly north of Sinanju, or old Kunuri.
For the planes they will falter, the pilot will
 die,
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.
Now the moral of this story as I've told you before,
Is never join the air Force or you'll flight every
 war.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my jet pilot, for flying to low;
He put on an air show, he did it for me,
At Altitude Zero, he clobbered a tree.
At Altitude Zero, he made his last pass;
At Altitude zero, he busted his ass.

O'RILEY'S BAR

It was a cold winter evning,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar,
When he turned 'round and he said
To the lady in red. "Get out you can't stay
where you are."
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the
crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her,
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men,
And how they come and go,
Fate has taken her beauty,
And lide has left its deep scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died,
I never will forget.
The Irish got so stinking drunk,
That some aren't sober yet.
The only thing they did that night,
That filled my heart with fear.
They took the ice right off the corpse,
And put it in the beer.

That's how we showed our respect
For Paddy Murphy.
That's how we showed our loyalty and pride,
That's how we showed our respect
For Paddy Murphy,
Respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

THE PERSIAN KITTEN

The persian kitten perfumed and fair,
Went out to the kitchen to get someair.
An old Tom Cat, lithe, lean, and long,
A dity old yellow came along.

He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat,
As she strolled along with much eclate.
Thinking at last of the night to pass,
He whispered, baby, you sure got class.

Now fitting and proper was her reply,
As she arched her whiskers up over her eye.
I'm ribboned and sleep on pillows of silk,
And daily I'm fed on certified milk.

I should be happy with what I've got,
I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, I should indeed,
Because I'm highly pedigreeed.

Cheer up said the Tom Cat, with a smile,
And trust in your new found friend for a while,
You neen't escape from your back yard fence,
Baby, all you need is experience.

Then the tales of life he then unfuried,
As he told the cat of the outside world.
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh,
A trip for the two down the primrose path.

Then the morning after the night before,
When the kitten came home at the hour of four,
The innocent look on her face was spent,
And in her eyes was a smile of content.

Then in a few weeks when the kittens came,
To the Persian kitten of pedigreeed frame.
Those cats weren't Persian, they were black and
tan.
She told them that their daddy was a traveling
man.
A traveling man, ratchin, scratchin, traveling man.

THE PRISONERS SONG

Oh! I wish I had some one to love men,
Someone to call me their own.
Oh! I wish I had someone to live with
For I'm tired of living alone,

As I lay on my cold prison bed,
With my head on a pillow of stone,
And these cold prison bars all around me,
Never again will I roam,

If I had the wings of an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly.
And I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And there I'd remain till I died.

Oh! I have a grand ship on the ocean.
All mounted with silver and gold.
And before my poor darling would suffer,
That ship would be anchored and sold.

PUT ON YOUR OLD P-1 BONNET
(Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet)

Put on your old Red bonnet, with the lightning
upon it,
And get off into the blue,
Now we've done our mission, for rotation we're
wishing,
And we'll leaves this place to you.

Put on your old Gold Bonnet, with the black stripe
upon it,
And we'll start out on our way,
From the skies of Japan, we'll ride clear to
Austin,
On our next rotation day.

Put on your old White bonnet, with the blue dog
upon it,
And take off from old Honshu,
It's been a rat race, around this damn place,
So long Misawa, peon you.

THE RIVER RAN RED
(The Great Ship Titanic)

Number one was having fun, number two got a few,
Number four got some more so he said.
Oh the river ran red, with the blood of the dead,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS: The road was full of ruts,
And the ruts were full of guts.
There was crud, there was blood
everywhere,
Little children sucking tits, had them
shot right from their mitts.
As we came around and tried to get
some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children
cried aloud,
But they all carried guns for the foe,
There were some who turned around, when they
heard that awful sound.
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS:

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in
their prime,
But they got number three don't you see.
Yes they shot him down with a gun, and they broke
his bloody back,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS:

Number one was having fun, number two got a few,
Number four got some more so he said,
Oh the river ran red, with the blood of the dead,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night.
I eat porter house steak three times a day from my board,
More than any ordinary gal can afford.
I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when I sleep,
A big handsome man to play around at my feet.
I'm just a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman,
drunk every nite,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
A thief and a gambler and I drunk every nite.
I've got hips that sunk the ships of England,
France, and Peru,
and if you're like Napoleon, it's your Waterloo.
I'll take fifteen minutes intermission in a Ford V-8,
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date.
My motto is "sin be gone with win it, so let's be breezy tonight,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

life
in
male

RYE WHISKEY

If the ocean were whiskey, and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.
It's a wahiskey rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,
If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.
It's a whiskey rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.
But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't a duck,
So I'll just play Jack O-Diamonds, and trust to my luck,
It's rye whiskey, rye whiskey I know you from old,
You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.

SAM HALL
(The Origin of Samy Small)

Oh, my name is is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall, and I hats you one
and all.
Ye ss, I hate you one and all, God damn your eyes.

Oh, I killed a man, they say, so they say;
Yes, I killed a man, they say, so they say;
I beat him on the head, and I left him there for
dead.
Yes, I left him there for dead, God damn his eyes.

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come;
Yes, the parson he did come, he did come;
And he looked so bloody glum, as he talked of
Kingdom come.
He can kiss my ruddy bum, God damn his eyes.

And the sheriff he came too, he came too;
Yes, the sheriff he came too, he came too;
Yes, the sheriff he came too, with his men all
dressed in blue.
Lord, they were a bloody crew, God damn their eyes.

Now up the ope I go, up I go;
Yes, up the rope I go, up I go;
And those bastards down below, they'll say, "Sam
we told you so."
They'll say, "Sam we told you so," God damn their
eyes.

I saw Nellie dressed in blue, dressed in blue;
I saw Nellie in the crow, all ressed in blue;
Says my Nellie, dressed in blue, "Your trifling days
are through.
Now I know that you'll be tue, God damn your eyes."

And now in heaven I dwell, in heaven I dwell;
Yes, now in heaven I dwell, in heaven I dwell;
Yes, now in heaven I dwell--Holy Christ; It is a
sell,
All the whores are down in hell, God damn theireyes.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

1.

Now I was in the gutter
With pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers,
I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air
Force,
To save me from the worst.
Ever ybody bust a gut,
And sing the second verse.

2.

I headed down the runway,
I headed for a ditch,
I looked down at my prop,
My God, it's in high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick,
I rose up in the air,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
How did I get there.

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickle on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickle on the grass,
And you'll be served.

3.

I started on my takeoff,
I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up,
The dive brake scraped the ground
The general he smiled,
He thought it was great fun,
Then I faced Col. Blakeslee,
Chitose here I come.

4.

I went into a loop,
I thought I was clar,
I came up under-----
I thought the end was near,
I went before the board,
They gave me the works,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
What a bunch of jerks

CHORUS:

5.

I flew my traffic pattern
To me it looked alright.
I made my final turn,
My God, I racked it tight,
The engine coughed and
sputtered,
And then began to weave,
May day, mayday, mayday,
Spin instructions, please.

CHORUS:

6.

The boyes up from Misawa,
Think they are so hot,
They brag about the Redtails,
That they've often shot,
One thing they don't
remember,
When ever they holler and
hoot,
Is to look into their mirror,
Just before they shoot.

CHORUS:

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down,
Till I reached Olu Son Chong way.
And there I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too.
I'd swap my honey cart for you,
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you,
I came here from America,
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too.
So people can't be signing,
Here comes Seoul City Sue."

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The captain he rides in a motorboat - a motorboat,
The admiral he rides in a gig.
It don't go a Goddam bit faster - bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS: Sing tuucool I colrool I corool I ay,
Sing tuucool I colrool I ay,
It don't go a Goddam bit faster, bit
faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Now the sexual life of a camel, a camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion, of passion,
He tried to make love to the sphinx.

CHORUS:

Now the Sphinx's posterior orifice, orifice,
Is closed by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel, the
camel,
And the Sphinx's unscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

The Colonel flies and F-80, F-80
The General in F-94,
It don't go a Goddam bit faster, bit faster,
The old bastard just likes the big roar.

CHORUS:

SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again,
Of the things that I've done and the places I've
been.

Some of the things that have bothered my mind,
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS: Singing so long, its been good to know
You,
So long, its been good to know you;
So long, its been good to know you,
What a long time since I've been home,
And I've got to be drifting along

This story begins when we gather to brief,
We listened to the words of our red-headed chief.
He said, "Listen here men and I'll give you the
Score,
About what is the way with the F-84."

CHORUS:

We turned on the runway and started to roll.
I gave it he throttle and poured on the coal.
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick.
So I went on the gages and yanked on the stick.

CHORUS:

We flew up to Sinanju and dodged all the flak.
I called my leader, "Oh please take me back,
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds."
But instead of turning he uttered these words.

CHORUS:

Then we went to Sukchon and glide-bombed the rails,
We broke to the right with the flak on our tails.
We rendezvous's high with the MIG's in the sun,
And I thought to myself we should give her the
gun.

CHORUS:

When we circled to join up it was a great race,
The MIG'S would soon be there and give us a chase.
Number four-nomes' five hundreds were still tightly
hung.
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.

CHORUS:

I called my leader, "I'm way low on fuel,
If you'll turn around quick I can go back to
Seoul."

Just then he shouted, "There's MIG's on the lead
So we'll break to the left and get up some speed."

CHORUS:

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar,
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar.
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out,
And over the PT I started to shout.

Buddies; So long, it's been good to know you,
So long, its good to know you,
So long, its good to know you,
But there's not much that I can say,
For it looks like I've auggered today.

THE SPEARMINT SONG

Oh no oh my oh you,
I don't know what to do.
Kalahlujah, it surely is peculiar,
I'd give a lot of dough,
If I could really know,
The answer to this question is it yes or is it no.

CHORUS: Does the spearmint lose it's flavor on
on the bedpost overnight?
If you put it on the left side will you
find it on the right?
Can't you see I'm going crazy,
Won't somebody set me right.
Does the spearmint lose it's flavor on
the bedpost overnight?

The Nation rose as one,
And sent its favorite son.
To the Whitehouse, the nations mighty lighthouse,
He said that he'd been sent,
To ask the president,
The burning question that involved the entire
continent.

CHORUS:

Here comes the blushing bride,
The bridegroom at her side.
To the altar as steady as Gibraltar,
The bridegroom has a ring,
It's such a pretty thing,
He puts the ring upon her finger and the choir
begins to sing.

CHORUS:

Stay WITH GOD

Oh, the game was played on Sunday,
In heaven's own backyard.
With Jesus playing fullback,
And Moses playing guard.
The angels in the bleachers,
Oh, my how they did yell,
When jesus scored a touchdown,
Against the boys from hell.

Oh; Stay with God;
Oh, Stay with God,
Jesus on the ten yard line,
Doing mighty Goddamn fine.
Stay with God;
Stay with God,
Yokum, pokum, Jesus soakum,
Stay with God. Amen.

STRIP ALERT
(Lucky Old Sun)

Up before morning, out on the line,
Waiting for BIG's on their way.
While that lucky old man,
Got nothing to do but lay in his sack until day.

Now comes the dawn, darkness is thru,
God only knows what's ahead,
While that lucky old man,
Got nothing to do but sleepily get out of bed.

All day long we wait for a scramble,
Get them in the skies.
Some goof off while others gamble,
Break out that pair of dice.

Old sol gives up, we're still here,
This alert leaves us no time for sin.
While that lucky old man got nothing to do,
But sit at the bar and drink gin.

Up in the morning, down on the line,
Into the murk and the fog.
While that Lucky CO has nothing to do,
But sit around didling the dog.

THE THING

As I was standing on the wing,
Of brand no 94.
Up there stopped a reckless chap,
I'd never seen before.
I pointed to the RO's seat,
He looked at me with fright.

CHORUS: Oh, I'll never take off in that son of
a bitch.
This dark and stormy night.
Oh, I'll never take off in that son of
a bitch,
This dark and stormy night.

The crew chief hit him over the head,
And strapped him in the seat.
And when he awoke he found himself,
All strapped in nice and neat,
We taxied out to the hot runway,
When end was not in sight.
These are the words he said to me
As we arced off into the night.

CHORUS:

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPS
(Bless Them All)

Bless em all, bless em all,
Bless the tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet.
Cause he tried to go over the wall,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Thru the wall, thru the wall,
That bloody invisible wall.
That transonic journey is nothing but rough,
As bad as a ride on the local base bus,
So I'm staying away from the wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all,
If your hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it.
Your butt or your neck not the wall.

TOAST TO AN AIRMAN

We look in the purple twilight.
We spin the silvery dawn.
With black smoke trailing behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.
So stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
We'll drink to those of us living,
And hurrah for the next man to die.

TUMBLING GYROSCOPES
(Tumbling Tumbleweeds)

See them tooling along,
Engines singing their song,
Here in the sky I belong,
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

Oh? I know when night is done, that we'll be home
by dawn.
We've been drifting around, the Reds have heard
our song.
Here in the sky we belong,
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

See them thundering down,
Close to the ground they'll be found.
Strafing till their last round,
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

THE TWENTY SEVENTH LAMENT

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim.
Till she met that cuthern gentleman,
Leo Daniel.
And she had a child by him.

No he's in the legislature,
Making laws for all mankind.
While she walks the streets of
Austin, Austin, Texas.
Sculling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich who get the gravy,
And the poor who get the blame,
It's the same the whole world over, under over,
Isn't that a Goddamn shame.

UNDERNEATH THE BAMBOO TREE

I'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two.
And when we're married, happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree.

That's where my honey goes, to buy my baby clothes,
I buy her everything to keep her in style.
And in my future life, she's gonna be my wife,
How in the hell did ya get that way, she told me
so.

Someone's been loving you, I know you ain't been
true,
Taint intuition honey sent from heaven above.
That last kiss was a winner honey,
Too good for a beginner honey,
Someone's been given' you lessons in love.

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN (Auld Lang Syne)

We're here for fun right from the start
So drop your dignity,
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.
May all your troubles be forgot,
Let this night be the best.
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

My girl is a hollow shell
She hasn't got all of me
She wants me where there
where she did
Used to my father's wife
She's gonna be my wife
How in the hell did I get that way?
She told me so

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE
(On the Wabash Far Away)

When the ice is on the rice in 'Misawa,
And the sake in the cellar starts to freeze.
Then I'll speak "Dozo" to my little darling,
As I cuddle to my S'Koshi Nipponeese.

When the ice is on the rice in Furansaki,
I'll get takson dingy-dingy, hit the sack.
And I'll stagger from her bed back to the
barracks,
Singlin' Sayanora, chosai baby, I'll be back.

When the ice is on the rice up on Hokkaido,
And the Ainu's in their huts hibernate.
I'll say gomenasie to local j-sans,
And huddle with my Fura-maki mate.

When the ice is on the rice in Asanuchi,
And the water in the hot baths starts to steam.
I'll say Arigato as she jumps in beside me,
And helps to fill my Japanese dream.

When the ice is on the rice in Urmagawa,
And the saki in the cellars starts to freeze.
I don't want to go back to sunny California,
I just want to stay here with my Nipponeese.

WHEN WE GET BACK HOME
(Frankie and Johnnie)

I was standing on the corner,
Just as she happened to pass,
I took a look at her lovely hair,
And a good look at her ~~legs~~
As she walked along, as she walked along.

I followed her around the corner,
I followed this lovely lass.
I admired her streamlined figure,
But most of all I admire her ~~legs~~
As she walked along, as she walked along.

Then we got into a taxi,
Naturally I got in last.
As she stepped into the taxi,
I tried to pat her on her ~~bottom~~
As she stepped inside, as she stepped inside.

Then we went to a night club,
My heart beat quick and fast.
She was thinking of dinner,
But I was thinking of her ~~bottom~~
As I held her hand, as I held her hand.

Then we went to her apartment,
An apartment with plenty of class.
She let out an awful scream,
She thought I was going to kiss her
As she turned away, as she turned away.

Up came the house detective,
He said "I will save you young lass"
He shoved her through the doorway,
And he tried to kick her
As she ran down the stairs, as she ran down the
stairs.

My story has no morals,
My story has no class,
If you don't like my story,
You can shove it up your
Ass you walk along, as you walk along.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver)

When your leaves have turned to silver,
Will you love us just the same.
Oh we'll always call you -----
Isn't that a bloody shame?
To the days at dear old -----
Only now we have to wail.
When your leaves have turned to silver,
You can shove them up your tail.

WOULD YOU?

If in this area there were but you,
And you were sure nobody knew,
Would you?
And if the sky was good and black,
And you would drop without the flak,
Would you?
And on this road were armored cars,
And you could stay up and strafe the stars,
Would you?
And then when over and you debrief,
Weave tales of valor beyond belief,
Would you?

Hell? Who wouldn't?

A YOUNG AVIATOR
(My Bonnie)

A young aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer day.
His comrades gathered around him,
To carry the fragments away.

He spit out a valve and a gasket,
As he stirred in the dump where he lay.
And to his wondering comrades,
These brave dying words he did say.

Take the cotter pin out of my kidney,
Take the con-rode out of my brain.
Take the crankshaft out of my liver,
And assemble the engine again.

Stand by your glasses steady,
For the world is a world of lies,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
Hooray for the next man to die.

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Guinca waterfall,
One bright and sunny day.
Beside his shattered 94
The young night fighter lay.
His R/O hung from a nearby limb,
He wasn't quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words,
The young night fighter said.
"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
Play poker every night.
You never do a lick of work,
Just sit around and sin.
And, all the crows are women,
Oh death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,
Oh, death where is thy sting.
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling,
For you, but not for me.

ZOOTSUITS AND PARACHUTES
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Drury Lane,
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was
the same.

Along came a pilot, handsome as could be,
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS: Singing Zootsuits and parachutes and
Uniforms of blue,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy
Used to do.

She like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,
Climbed in beside him just to keep the pilot warm,
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maiden
head.

CHORUS:

Now in the morning before the break of day,
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her
did say.

Take this my darling for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter or you may have a son,
And if you have a daughter put ribbons in her hair,
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air.

CHORUS:

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of Lorado,
As I walked out in Lorado one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay,

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I slowly rode by,
"Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story
I'm shot in the breast and I'm going to die."

It was once in the saddle I used to go a dashing
Once in the saddle I used to be gay,
First down to Rosies
Then down to the card-house
I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today."

"Set sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin,
Six purty maidens to sing me a song.
Get buckets of roses to spread by my graveside,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Oh beat the drum slowly,
O play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as they carry me away.
Take me down to the valley,
And lay the o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done
wron'.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner
It's pretty certain sign,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs
They've forgot Sweet Adeline,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down thru Love's Lane
Now and then, we meet again
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

THE COED AND THE CADET

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare,
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
Oh the Coed she was bashful and Cadet he was shy,
He asked her if he could and this was her reply:

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right,
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night,
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I really mean it
I'll never let you kiss me again.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMEN

A man without a woman
Is like a ship, without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand,
But if there's one thing worse in the universe
It's woman, I said a woman.
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor,
And it will roll, because it's round
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got,
Until she turns him down

Now honey listen now honey, listen to me,
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
While a woman goes from man to man.

RED SCARFS

(Tune: Strawberry Blonde)

Now the 41st Fighter Squadron they don't show me much,
While the Red Scarfs fly
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad,
While the Red Scarfs fly

Their guns are corroded their pilots are loaded
Their cockpits are covered with dust,
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style
While the Red Scarfs fly.

IT WAS SAD, OH IT WAS SAD

It was up by Kunuri, where I won my D.F.C.
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see
When I spied a church below,
And I let my rockets go,
It was sad when those rocket went down
It was sad, It was sad,
It was sad when those rockets went down---
Hit the steeple
There were husbands and wives,
Itty bitty children lost their lives?
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was up by Sib Yen Noo, 30 miles from the Yellow Sea
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man,
With his penis in his hand
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,
It was sad when that napalm went down---
Hit the farmer
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives!
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was up by Sinanju, when I thought that I was thru
Quad 50's and 40's had shot my coolant thru
It was then I hit the silk,
Oh my God I strained my milk
It was sad when that pilot went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down---
To the people
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children pulled out their knives!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Mayday Mayday Mayday

They sent me up to Fyongyang
The brief sail skoshie ack ack
But by the time I got there
My wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin,
It would no longer fly---
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Mustang
My landing was top line,
With my E and E equipment
I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin,
To see what was in it---

The God damn Quartermaster,
Had filled the thing with shit !
Now in this Commie prison camp
I am obliged to sit,
For one cannot go very far
On a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly---
But I'll have Quartermaster biscuits
For breakfast till I die !

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the rank and file
Call out the Royal Territorials
They face danger with a smile,
Call out the boys of the old Brigade
That made all England free,
You can call out my brother,
My sister and my mother,
But for God's sake don't call me
Gor Blimey:

(Chorus)

I don't want to join the army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around
The Piccadilly undergarund
Living on the earnings of a high born lady,
Don't want a bullet up my ass hole
I don't want my bollocks shot away---
I'd rather be in England,
In benny benny England
And fornicate my fucking life away!
Gor' Blimey:

Monday I touched her on the ankle;
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise, Gor' Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak--
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the Old boy up her
And now I'm paying seven and six a week!
Gor' Blimery: (Back to Chorus)

WRECK OF OLD 97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron,
Not enough room you could see,
The first ninety six were of recent construction
But the last was a fifty-one D

She was old 97 and she had a fine record,
But she hasn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near

A second Lieutenant wandered into Operations,
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said young man we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do

Now the first 47 are reserved for Majors,
And the Captains have the next 49
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae,
And he had to make that flight
So he said O. K., If you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight

Oh he flew over Taegu and the Taegu airstrip,
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all

He flew through rain and he flew thru a snowstorm,
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going his direction,
And he said I'll get there by rail

He flew down a valley and he dodged thru the mountains,
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared thru a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight

There was old 97, with her nose in the mountain,
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position,
But her engine was facing back

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning,
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband,
He may leave you and never return.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Arigato for the memories
Of train wrecks on the line
Of Ginza marts, and honey carts
And how we'd seldom dine,
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of steaks we couldn't eat,
Old left over meat
Of powdered milk and girls in silk
Kimonos on the street,
Arigato, so much

Few are the times we've feasted,
And many's the time that we've fasted
R and R's were swell while they lasted
We did have fun, and no harm done---

So Arigato for the memories
Of special Allied Cars,
All the different bars
Of whiskey cokes, and dirty jokes
And undeserved D.R's,
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of dead fish on the shore,
Rats behind the door
The Kamakur Buda and brocades that we all wore
Arigato so much

Arigato for the memories
Of snacks at the PX, all those talks on sex
The broken bones we suffered in taksuan jeepo wrecks
Arigato so much.

We said hello with martinis
Will say sayonara with sake,
The Japs won't forget all that Khaki
Honshu's not the same, but we're glad that we came---

Arigato for the memories
Of laterns after dark,
Rickshaws in the park
The funny names, the baseball games,
We really left our mark
So Arigato, so much.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why, the ivy twines
Tell me why, the stars do shine
Tell me why, the oceans blue
I'll tell you why, its becasue I love you

Because God made, the ivy twine
Because God made, the Stars to shine
Because God made, the Oceans blue
Because God made you, its becasue I love you.

A BRITISH WORKMAN'S GRAVE

They're diggin' up father's grave
To build a sewah, a sewah,
They're digging it up regardless o' expense
They're digging up his remains
To put in six inch drains,
To sanitise some rich man's residence,
Gor' Blimey

Now what's the use of having a religion, religion
If when you die your troubles never cease,
So some high society twit
Can have a pipe line for his shit,
And never let a gooner rest in peace
Gor' Blimey

Now during his life my father
Was never a quittag, a quittah,
I don't suppose he'll be a quittah now
He'll dress up in a sheet
And haunt that shit house sear,
And only let them crap when he al lows,
Gor' Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation, pation
I can't these shit house bastards sweat and rave,
But its only what they deserve,
For having the bloody nerve,
To bugger up a British workman's grave !

THE RESERVEST'S LIENT

(Tune: Cigarettes, Whiskey, Wild Women)

I was a civilian and flew on week ends,
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I gr w
Now I fly a Mustang, its old and its slow

(Chorus)

Sinuiju and Inak, Sinanju and Si nmak,
They'll drive you crazy they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties,
They'll drive you ape shit
They'll drive you insane

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get,
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, its no airplane
We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fucig d up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader don't look at your map,
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night

Went up to MiG Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked round, I'd be up there yet
Six MiGs jumped pur ass and the Leader yelled Break!
Sixty-one and 3000, how my knees did shake

If I live thru a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is to sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar,
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door,
He'll be sweating out the take-off
As he's often done before
The man behind the armor plate desk

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back,
For he circled 'e'er the I.P.
As we went in to attack,
He said I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack
The man behind the armor plate desk

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says Hundreds may go in lad
But a few aren't coming back
Who says We'll disregard the minimum
When you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plate desk

And when the mission's over
And briefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
But not a pilot will you see,
For they'll all be at the "O" Club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing the man behind the armor plated desk

HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand,
Located in Korea, right next to no-mans land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our Mustang's grand,
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "willie pater" land

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go,
We toggled off our babies and
We watched them hit below
He had placed his reckests wildly
And he'd foulded the whole damn show,
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Z-ro? Zero?

Sure, a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day,
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back,
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true

0 we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low,
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show,
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers,
You will know its propaganda
For old Marcus, Bless his soul,

BY BY USAF (BYE BYE BLACKBIRDS)

When we get back home again
We're not going Air Force then
By By USAF

This rotation plan is great
never more then two years late
By By USAF

No one in this outfit understands me
Look at all the shit they always hand me
Silver wings bars of brass
You can shove them up your ---
Air Force By By

Look at all the shit they thru
to get my ass up in the blue
By By USAF

Sexy parties girls glore
But we wind up with a whore
By By USAF

Some one in this outfit sure seduced me
with a purple shaft they really goosed me
Silver wings bars of brass you can
You can shove them up your ---
Air Force By By

They called us in and threw us out
Thats why we all shout
By By USAF

We're all hero's yes we are
But the Hudson High Boys got the star
By By USAF

When They throw me out thats fine
They can kiss my ass next time
Air Force By By.

I SMELL KIMSHEE
(Tune: I Wonder Why)

I smell Kimshee and there is no one there
I pat her on the bottom and her peaches bare
All night long I search and search for hair
She have-a-no she have-a-no

I've been eating Kimsheeday n'night
And see how I've lost my appetite
Now Jo-sans who spread their pearly thighs
To try me out for size
I have-a-no.

COMMUNIST

THE WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Y stac'wich's
To the place where Trotsky dwells
To the dear old Red Star Bar we live so well
Sing the Communist assembled
With their Vodka raised on high
And the odor of their sweat so casts a smell
Yes, its the odor of their sweat's sex
Its their sweat's sex that casts the smell
For they should be washed and be forgotten like the rest
For we will serenade our Stalin
With Vodka raised on high
And we will pass the forgotten with the rest

For we are poor little Reds
Who have gone astray
Yak Yak Yak

We are little Red Reds
Who have lost our way
Yak Yak Yak